

Char and Alex : story

November 16, 2014 by [Ratbat](#)

***The following story is by Novacattrueborn: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/13527670/> <https://titanatelier.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/06/Char.jpg>

Char watched from a ways back as Alex stood on the small rise, observing the others going about their daily routines. There were only the distant sounds of steel tread on concrete and rumbling diesel engines, complemented by the soft whoosh of the dry grass ruffled by the breeze from the sea. He heaved the closest thing he could to a sigh; a mechanical, modulated-sounding soft hiss. While all of the others had found partners by now, Alex remained aloof... and alone. He'd been a friend to her since they'd first been introduced by the scientists, now long-dead, who had created her. Who had hurt her. He knew only part of the story, Alex refusing to divulge the details. Unlike the others, she retained a great deal of her memories. But for reasons she couldn't, or more likely wouldn't explain, the only things she could recall were the 'bad things'. Char mentally bit his lip, seeing as he didn't have a physical mouth to speak of, and rolled back and forth idly on his landing gear. He could tell the Bad Things were weighing on Alex more than usual today. She stood with her arms folded about her chest, the finlike protrusions and antenna of her cybernetic comm folded back slightly, giving her the appearance of a perturbed house cat. She was also missing her backpack, the silvery ports on her back glinting in the sun where he could see them under her low-back shirt.

Alex was the tactical recon model. Like the most other machine women, her lower arms and legs were not human. They were cybernetic prosthesis. Her skeleton and some of the musculature had been reinforced and enhanced, making her swift and stealthy. Her ears had been replaced with a cybernetic comm which had been implanted and wired directly to her brain, along with prosthetic eyes that served as human eyes as well as a variety of military-grade cams: FLIR, night vision, et cetera. The two ports on her spine, just above and below the shoulder blades, served as anchors and information ports for her backpack, an electronics package that was capable of all the functions of a command center and then some. Cables transferred and broadcast information from her comm and eyes, while straps held the package in place like any other backpack. Her dark brown hair was kept short on the sides to accommodate the comm, but the middle had grown out into a long-ish, fluffy Mohawk. Alex had told Char that her irises used to be a similar color, not the blazing, unearthly red they were now. At five-foot-six, Alex was of completely average height, with small breasts, which she described as a 'b-cup', though Char had no idea what that was in reference to; cups were something that the women drank from in his mind. Her hips were wide and her thighs and buttocks large and quite muscular; she had a low center of gravity and could run and jump more effectively than most of the others.

Char finally decided to check on his friend, rolling forward until his round, slightly bulbous nose was just past hers.

"Hello, Char." Alex said flatly. Char sent her the impression that he was smiling; one of the benefits and drawbacks to being a living machine. Thoughts, ideas and concepts could be directly communicated, though the women still had trouble with the machine's lack of a proper face at first.

"Hello Alex. Just watching today?" He asked. She closed her eyes with a smile and turned to face the drone. Char looked shockingly like a miniature A-10 Thunderbolt jet, only a bit pudgier and not so long in the body. Since he was a drone, the cockpit had been replaced by his AI core and electronics suite. Even with the canopy gone, this still left the iconic hump that made aircraft look like aircraft, but it was slightly smaller, and armor-plated. His main weapon, the GAU8-A Avenger, took up most of his fuselage. At the moment, his missile racks were empty. Char had been an exercise in creating a drone version of the A-10, so his resemblance was not accidental. The only thing he lacked was the capacity to carry bombs. But with Alex feeding him information from the ground, he was faster, stealthier and more effective than his big brother. Alex opened her eyes and looked directly into Char's optics. He didn't understand why, but her intense gaze was always unsettling. For an instant, everything went fuzzy. Then her eyes softened and her thick, graceful eyebrows drew together slightly.

"Yes, Char. Watching..." She turned her head briefly back towards the others, then back to her mechanized companion. "Shall we take a stroll?" She asked, suddenly happy. Char smiled again.

"I would like that very much." He turned as Alex started off, catching up to her and matching her leisurely pace. He could sense something different in her mood today and for a split second, he thought that today might be the day she chose to bond with him. Almost as quickly, he snuffed his hope. He'd wooed her for years, but she'd always flatly

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denied being anything more than his friend. Char had contented himself with being her faithful companion and confidant at times and so far, things had worked out. He and Alex made small talk as they walked, laughing and sharing jokes. Still, the shadow of deep sadness never left her.

Eventually, the pair ended up back at the main base. They went to Char’s hangar, Alex pulling out a pad to sit on. She stared at the floor for a moment. She could feel Char’s curiosity lurking around the edges of his consciousness, same as it always did when the Bad Things got to her more than usual.

Those bastards...what the hell, Alex thought. Maybe if I make some good memories, it’ll drown out the bad ones...

While Alex had not been solely responsible for the idea of a living machine, she had been integral to the development of the AI. At least, until everything had gone sideways. While the research group had concentrated on the logical, tactical end of things, Alex had been the left brain. She’d insisted on adding personality and abstract thought to the programs, knowing that these aspects would be integral for a stable AI and one that could function with less risk of going rogue and openly railing against the scientist’s desire to make the machines into cold, mindless killers. She had insisted they remain a defensive measure, to protect their owners, not be made into weapons to be deployed to slap down anyone who threatened the country’s power. But, of course, she’d been blamed when the machines begun to ask those uncomfortable, philosophical questions that threatened the human’s idea of sentience and life. It was one of the few strings of memory that was fully intact: the day the project had started to the day she’d been drugged and forever changed. When she woke up, she had been greeted by the mocking stares and laughter of some of her fellows. Now she was a machine, just like her little pets. And was treated as such. As was standard with the machine women, her memory had been altered. But, unlike the other machine women, only her good memories had been taken, leaving only fragments of angry faces and degrading, belittling words. A built-in, emotional control. Alex pinned Char with another predatory stare as she let the information flow to him, a faint clank echoing in the hangar as the drone jumped at the sudden barrage of thought.

Silence followed. Alex could feel Char digesting the information. Somehow, she felt better. Just as Char’s attention returned to her, she stood up.

“Alex...why didn’t you tell us sooner? That burden...the hate! How could you live with it for this long?” Char asked, surprised and almost angry. Alex smiled.

“Because I only just realized that I’m in control, not them...” She said as she pulled off her shirt.

“A-Alex..? What are you doing?” Char stammered, unable to take his optics off of her form. Unlike the other women, Alex insisted on being fully clothed except when she was bathing. His gaze lowered as she stepped out of her pants. Char had seen her naked plenty of times, but always from behind; she’d never let him look at her from the front without covering herself with something. She cupped his nose in her hands and gently placed her forehead to him, rubbing the warm steel as if she were scratching an enormous dog under the chin. Char shivered, struggling to keep his mechadendrites in check. He didn’t want to get overly excited, but at the same time...!

The kiss was the last straw.

Char growled as he rolled forward, pushing Alex backward. His manipulator arms disengaged from what could be called his chest, even with his wings on his fuselage. His manipulators were longer than the tanks’; able to rest on the ground so that he could interact with the world in a limited fashion. As Alex scrambled to hold onto his nose to stay upright, he gently gripped her left thigh and back, then laid her on the pad she’d been seated on moments earlier. It was a fight to contain his predatory side, repressed for so long. But he didn’t want to hurt her, not when he was on the verge of finally culminating his love for her. His mechadendrites, a collection of manipulator tentacles with more sensory capability than the manipulator hands, explored her legs and brushed across her skin.

“Alex...!” Was all he could manage. His excitement heightened as she responded to his ministrations with the smaller tentacles as he worked his way up her body. Her pheromones and thought patterns told him she wanted this without having to waste time with speech. As he reached between her legs, he got an idea. She let out an involuntary gasp as he tweaked her nipples gently, rubbing her vulva and softly pulling at her labia.

“Ah..C-Char...!” She gasped. The drone continued to tease her for several minutes, but only explored her entrance. Finally, he could feel her begging with her mind for him to take her. He refused, nibbling and sucking at her clit. She gasped and called his name again, before once more asking to be penetrated. Char obliged, or seemed to. He pressed his appendage to her, hard and warm, slick with his moisture and hers. Then he pressed forward, Alex lifting her hips to meet him. But he angled up and simply rubbed his member on her mound. A flash of anger and frustration burned its way into his mind.



Ask, he thought.

I did! Came the reply.

Char put a mechanical digit to her lips.

“I want to hear it. I want to hear you say it! Beg for me...as I begged for you!” He could feel her shiver as he pressed his metallic appendage to her, rubbing gently so she could feel his hardness, his want. She asked, quietly at first. Char growled.

“Louder...like you mean it! Like you need it...as I do...!” He pushed one of the smaller tentacles just inside her and rubbed until he found her g-spot; the shudder and sudden cry told him he’d found it. He then just as quickly pulled out and ceased his play.

“Dammit, Char! Fuck me, that’s an – AUGH!!” Alex cried out in surprise as the drone flipped her onto her belly and gripped her, lifting her hips into the air. She opened her mouth in a silent moan as she suddenly found herself stretching around a thick, pulsing airplane cock. She shivered as the ridge at the back of the head popped inside, followed by the shaft as he pulled her back into him with a loud growl, forcing himself to stop short. But she wiggled back further, wanting him deeper and this time he gave her what she wanted. His member pulsed forward, bumping into her cervix. To his surprise and pleasure, she wanted yet more. Most women would have found this depth painful, but not Alex. He felt a rush of pleasure from her as the tip rubbed against and then passed by the small knot inside. He buried himself ten inches deep in her, finally filling her. Char was going to make sure that he was the only one she would ever want...

Alex listened to Char as he pumped into her, the low whir of servos and creak of his landing gear alongside the electronic, modulated huffs and moans. She had no memory of sex prior to her augmentation and so let the drone take control. So far, the experience was mind-blowing. The link they shared meant there was little guesswork as to what was pleasurable, and Char made sure that all of his appendages were occupied; some of the smaller mechadendrites pinched and kneaded her nipples, labia and clitoris, while a pair of somewhat larger ones gripped and massaged her buttocks. His manipulator arms gripped her hips as he pulled her to him with each powerful thrust, Char letting out a low moan.

“C-Char...!” Alex cried out as he sped up, pleasure building in her belly. His movements became even more frantic in response.

“Alex...you give me so much pleasure...please...I want you to feel it with me...!” He panted. “I am...aah!” No sooner had he spoken than he felt Alex grip him from inside; she let out a loud moan as he stiffened and engorged further. Char trembled and groaned as he climaxed with her, filling her with warmth. His climax was a long one. He held Alex against him as he ejaculated, pumping her full of more and more of the greenish, viscous fluid. He pulled out toward the end, one last rope spurting forth across her back as the rest leaked out of her gaping sex. For the first time in a long time, Char felt truly content. He gently laid his Alex back onto the mat, watching as she caught her breath.

“Was that...acceptable?” Char asked as he watched her get to her feet. She stumbled briefly, and Char steadied her with a mechanical hand. To his surprise, Alex actually laughed. It sounded – and felt – lighter than before...

“Yes, Char...that was amazing.” She breathed as she ran a hand across his side.

“So...are we bonded, then?” He asked timidly. Alex leaned forward and kissed him just under his optics.

“It seems so.” She said softly. Char shivered, then wiggled happily as he kept a manipulator arm around her waist.

“Alex, I love you!” He said, notes and feelings of overwhelming happiness surging through him.

“I love you too, Char.”

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